I see as in a mappe the end of all.
Dut. Accurſed and vnquiet wrangling daies,
How many of you haue mine eies beheld?
My husband loſt his life to get the crowne,
And often vp and downe my ſonnes were toſt,
For me to ioy and weepe their gaine and loſſe,
And being ſeated, and domeſtike broiles
Cleane ouerblowne, themſelues the conquerours,
Make warre vpon themſelues, blood againſt blood.
Selfe againſt ſelfe, O prepoſterous
And frantike outrage, ende thy damned ſpleene,
Or let me die to looke on death no more.
Qu. Come, come, my boy, we will to ſanctuarie.
Dut. Ile go along with you.
Qu. You haue no cauſe.
Car. My gracious Ladie go,
And thither beare your treaſure and your goods,
For my part, Ile reſigne vnto your Grace,
The ſeale I keepe, and ſo betide to me,
As well I tender you and all of yours:
Come, Ile conduct you to the ſanctuarie. *Exeunt.*

The Trumpets ſound. Enter yoog Prince, the Dukes of Glo-
ceſter, and Buckingham, Cardinall, &c. (ber.

Buc. Welcome ſweete Prince to London to your cham-
Glo. Welcome deare Coſen my thoughts ſoueraigne,
The wearie way hath made you melancholie.
Prin. No vncle, but our croſſes on the way,
Haue made it tedious, wearieſome, and heauie:
I want more Vncles here to welcome me.
Glo. Sweete Prince, the vntainted vertue of your yeeres,
Hath not yet diued into the worlds deceit:
Nor more can you diſtinguiſh of a man.
Then of his outward ſhew, which God he knowes,
Seldome or neuer iumpeth with the heart:
Thoſe Vncles which you want, were dangerous,
Your Grace attended to their ſugred words,
But lookt not on the poyſon of their hearts:
God keepe you from them, and from ſuch falſe friends.

Pri

Pri. God keepe me from fal
Glo. My Lord, the Maior o
Enter L
Lo. M. God bleſſe your grac
Prin. I thanke you good
I thought my mother, and
Would long ere this haue
Fie, what a ſlug is Haſtings,
To tell vs whether they will
Buck. And in good time,
Pri. Welcome my Lord:
Haſt. On what occaſion,
The Queene your mother, a
Haue taken ſanctuarie: The
Would faine haue come wit
But by his mother was perſo
Buc. Fie, what an indirect
Is this of hers? Lo. Cardinall
Perſwade the Queene to ſen
Vnto his princely brother p
If ſhe denie, Lo. Haſtings g
And from her iealous armes
Car. My Lo: of Buckingh
Can from his mother winne
Anon expect him here: but
To milde entreaties, God in
We ſhould infringe the holy
Of bleſſed ſanctuarie, not for
Would I be guiltie of ſo dee
Buc. You are too ſencel
Too ceremonious and tradit
Weigh it but with the groſſe
You breake not ſanctuarie in
The benefit thereof is alwai
To thoſe whoſe dealings hau
And thoſe who haue the wit
This Prince hath neither clai
And therefore in mine opini

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